

James Ayers

ALL THE TALENTS'
GARLAND:

£50
1279
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OR,

A FEW ROCKETS LET OFF

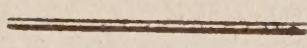
AT

A CELEBRATED MINISTRY.



INSCRIBED TO

THE HON. WILLIAM HILL.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN JOSEPH STOCKDALE, 41, PALL MALL.

1807.

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/m. — 2/0.

TO

THE HON. WILLIAM HILL,

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR SHREWSBURY, &c. &c. &c.

SIR,

OWING to a remark which you accidentally let fall in a late conversation, I have taken the liberty to inscribe to you the following Satirical Trifles.

I have the Honour to be,

SIR,

Your most obliged, obedient,

And very humble Servant,

THE EDITOR.

London, 25th April, 1807.

ADVERTISING

NEWBURY, &c. &c.

THE extraordinary success which has attended the

British Muse, in that celebrated and deservedly popular

Poem/which dubbed the late Coalesced Administration a

Knight, by the name of "All the Talents," led the

Editor to suppose that a Collection of the Poems, &c.

which have appeared on the same subject, might meet

with a favourable reception, particularly as, in former

days, it was the wholesome custom to make such collec-

tions on melancholy events; for example, the Plague,

Garland, Widows, Garland, &c. &c. too numerous to

be specified.

Your most obedient, obedient

He does not, however, profess to rank these in the

class with Elihu's Mantle, and The Uti Possidetis

AND STATUS Quo*; the former of which is perhaps

without equal, for classic elegance, in the English lan-

guage; but if they furnish the least amusement, or have

any political effect, his aim will be fully accomplished.

* Both written by James Baxter, Esq. The only correct and authen-
tic editions are printed at Blackwall, 1801.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE extraordinary success which has attended the British Muse, in that celebrated and deservedly popular Poem which dubbed the late Coalesced Administration a Knight, by the name of "ALL THE TALENTS," led the Editor to suppose that a Collection of the Fugitive Scraps ^{Pieces} which have appeared on the same subject, might meet with a favourable reception; particularly as, in former days, it was the wholesome custom to make such collections on melancholy events; for example, the Maids' Garland, Widows' Garland, &c. &c. too numerous to be specified. what stuff!

He does not, however, profess to rank these in the class with ELIJAH'S MANTLE, and THE UTI POSSIDETIS AND STATUS QUO*; the former of which is perhaps without equal, for classic elegance, in the English language; but if they furnish the least amusement, or have any political effect, his aim will be fully accomplished. The Editor's Judgment indicated precisely Both

* Both written by JAMES SAYER, Esq. The only correct and authorized editions are printed for STOCKDALE, jun.

*if polypus
is a man!*

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the Editor

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by a change of nothing expressly?

On the Confusion of Person (or Thing) in the relative

expression of this is the former sent - is glorious!

Polypus, the Author of "ALL THE TALENTS," has

shewn that he can also write prose, which has point, as

well as verse. The summary of the feats of the late Admi-

nistration, has not yet been surpassed for terseness and

brevity by any other writer. "A few Rockets let off at

Boulogne—a Fresh-Water Armament—a Mock Nego-

tiation—Late Succours—Premature Bulletins—a Parlia-

ment new-modelled for a very good reason, and an Army

new-modelled for no reason at all,"—*Tenth Edition*, p. 29.

The Editor again repeats, that all the Wits and Poets

have set themselves in array against "ALL THE TALENTS."

As it is not his wish to draw upon the funds of

others by stealth, he begs to acknowledge, that such of

the following lines as are not original, are taken from

(that excellent Newspaper the Morning Post, with now

and then an auxiliary stave from the able columns of the

Evening Courier.

N. B. In case the following Stanzas should be fa-

vourably received, the Editor intends to publish a Con-

tinuation; and hopes ALL THE TALENTS will enlist into

his service, for the purpose of accomplishing, by their

literary contributions, his patriotic purpose.

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BULL OF POPE PIUS VII.

ON THE CHANGE OF THE ENGLISH MINISTRY.

ERRATUM.

Page 17, line 1, of the Poem, *for* fowl, *read* loaf.

ALL THE TALENTS'
GARLAND.

BULL OF POPE PIUS VII.

ON THE CHANGE OF THE ENGLISH MINISTRY,
MARCH, 1807.

HUNG with black be the **VATICAN!** deep be the gloom!
For, alas! low are fall'n the new* Friends of old **ROME,**
And **BRUNSWICK,** for dreams of oaths, conscience and
charters,
Has made of Whig Saints—a whole Red Book of
Martyrs,

* The Members of the Whig Club, who meet Monthly to toast the
"Glorious Revolution of 1668," may properly be called new friends of
his Holiness; but perhaps the toast may now be changed for the pious
Memory of James the Second. The descendants of **LORD RUSSELL**
must join in it with peculiar propriety and satisfaction.

Despising the light of the Institute's* Sages, 5
 Unenlighten'd to plod, by the light of "dark ages†;"
 That age too so dark, of true faith the proscriber,
 Which Kings sent to mass from the THAMES to the TIBER.
 Yet, though giv'n up to heresy, people and throne,
 In BRITAIN we've still ALL THE TALENTS our own; 10
 And whom now to console for lost power and places,
 We'll send bales of relics and plenary graces.
 First, to good Father Howick a mitre of lead,
 By St. Denis erst worn—who, bereft of his head,
 Full many a league trotted nimbly about, 15
 To shew folks they well may do business without.
 Be to WINDHAM St. Laurence's gridiron decreed,
 To teach him the virtue he now will most need;

* It is not meant to insinuate here, that the Members of the National Institute are zealous partizans of Popery, for we are aware that they carry their "dark ages" farther back than LORD TEMPLE; the latter stops at the dark æra, when the people of ENGLAND preferred a change in their Government to a change in their Religion; but the former deem no age enlightened since the Worship of MARS and JUPITER. Yet still the lights of the Institute's sages are in favor of LORD HOWICK, because those who reject Christianity entirely, must censure and ridicule a preference for any particular branch of it, and they no doubt hold the King highly blameable, in sacrificing such a CONSTELLATION OF TALENTS, to CORONATION OATHS and RELIGIOUS SCRUPLES.

† This line seems to have been suggested to his Holiness by an Irish Bishop.

That when prov'd all a joke*, his fine *plan* late so
boasted,

He with patience may bear, like the Saint—to be
roasted—

Give to RUSSELL (heir-loom†, to each Whig Faction,
shackled)

Brains of goose that of yore i' th' Capitol cackled.

PERRY's fame yet to save from mistakes and mischance,

Holy Water shall brush out his schemes of Finance :

Great PERRY! so puff'd up for "raising the wind,"

Who could take much from nothing†, yet much leave
behind;

Who could money create without Taxes or Loan,

Whose head John Bull thought the philosopher's stone ;

* Mr. WINDHAM, since his fraternization with the Foxites, has become very fond of a joke; but it is no joking matter to see a person of his talents and acquirements descend to be a sort of double to Mr. SHERIDAN or Mr. COURTENAY, to amuse the House in their absence.

† The elder branch of the House of BEDFORD seems to descend regularly to the Whigs as an heir loom, with the family interest and influence.

‡ Every body who reads Parliamentary Debates, must have seen that this Lordship succeeded to exhausted resources. Yet in less than ten months this Fiscal Fortunatus discovered, not only money enough for the current year, but to carry on a war as long as that of TROY. Oh that the Trojans had had such a Chancellor of the Exchequer! but he is "worth five of AGAMEMNON."

Till from all the vast plans he was taught to admire on,
John was rous'd to decide 'twixt small beer* and pig-
iron.—

30

For SHERRY the House of Loretto, fit gift,
Right useful for wits who their stations oft shift ;
That when driv'n by PAULL from St. STEPHEN's pro-
tection,

Writs, duns, pour on SHERRY from ev'ry direction †;
And armies of bailiffs, doors, windows, surround, 35
Of his house not a tangible piece shall be found :

So still with law, honesty, order, at strife,
SHERRY, lawless, may live as he's liv'd all his life.

To his Son send the skull of that ass of renown
Which once mounted the chair, and harangued a whole
town ;

40

That if future Elections should tempt Tom to speak,
He may precedent plead of this same learned Greek ‡.

* "I do now remember that poor creature small-beer. But indeed these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness." —
Henry IV. Part II. act ii.

† The accumulated claims and impunity of twenty-seven years' service in the House of Commons—"think of that, Master Brook."

‡ The ass however was unfortunately Tuscan instead of Grecian ; but the author of "All in the Town of Tunis," who will ever be high authority both in poetry and politics, as long as there is either taste or loyalty left amongst us, has determined, that in a case of poetical ur-

cc line ; necessary to yield out a few verses and an anecdote " ;

A chaplet of Indian berries*, well blest,
From the toils of Impeachments shall give WHITBREAD
rest;

And tho' mobs his fine speeches no longer admire, 45

They still shall confess WHITBREAD's fame is *entire*.

Should VIENNA, dismay'd, soft ADAIR see resign †,

His knack at a mission to keep from decline,

We appoint him our Nuncio in Britain to shine :

ADAIK who, to figure in Corps Diplomatic, 50

The Chronicle robb'd of his labours so Attic ‡;

gency, Tunis might stand for Algiers; so we have ventured to call the ass a Greek, presuming that, as orators, Greek and Roman asses may be much the same. See Amnianus Marcellinus, lib. 27, where it is recorded that a certain ass mounted the rostrum at mid-day, and harangued the whole town of Pistoya. The augurs, as may be supposed, were dismayed and perplexed by this new sort of prodigy, and knew not, at first, how to interpret it, till the event explained it as portentous of an upstart adventurer's being advanced to trust and office. But *horresco referens*, truth obliges us to add, that the said adventurer, who was called Terentius (though it is not mentioned he wrote plays), behaved as such persons, when in possession of power, usually do, and so came to be hanged. Our story therefore, if less poetical, is not less tragical than the one alluded to in the Anti-Jacobin newspaper, concerning Jean Bon St. Andre and the Bey of Tunis.

* It is thought, notwithstanding the late swearing amongst the brewers, that porter-drinkers may understand the efficacy of Indian berries; and good Catholics also understand the virtue of chaplets blest by his Holiness; this ceremony of blessing the Indian berries, might also be here of peculiar use, to keep off the unballowed touch of excisemen.

† Resign, recalled, turned out, synonymes in political techniques.

‡ "La rime est une terrible chose," says the King of Prussia; and so

Whose talents pacific whole legions disarm*,
 And preserve our dear son, ST. NAPOLEON, from harm.
 To TIERNEY, the robe of ST. JEROME†, we'll spare,
 On condition he gives to each barker a share. 55
 For the GRENVILLES prepare dispensations‡ a set,
 To hold all the sinecure posts they can get.
 But should EDMUND behold from the regions seraphic,
 The firm vig'rous Statesman§ in jobs meanly traffic||,

his Holiness appears to have found it; for nothing but an imperious poetical necessity could have given the appellation of *Altie* to Mr. ADAIR's labours in the Chronicle; for if we mistake not, they are exactly of that description which POPE tells us cannot be performed by wits: "Wits have short memories;" and Mr. ADAIR's memory is so tenacious, that he can, like Mr. PUFF, give "the whole speech of a favorite Member, with the most flattering accuracy."

* The sedative effect of this gentleman's presence at the Court of Vienna, reminds us of the appearance of the gentle beef-eater in the Critic—"I command you all in the Queen's name to drop your swords and daggers."

† Dr. JORTIN (who understood Catholic Claims and Catholic Saints better than LORD HOWICK) says, "St. Jerome hath had a multitude of disciples and imitators, ancient and modern, and the sect of barkers hath been one of the most conspicuous and formidable sects in the Christian World." He might have added, in the Political World also, but perhaps, in his time, Politicians might be Christians, and so included.

‡ Should a Popish Parliament enable the late ministers to resume their offices, we may presume that a dispensation from the Pope will enable LORD GRENVILLE to hold as many incompatible situations as he chuses, without having an act passed for that purpose.

§ "That firm and vigorous Statesman, LORD GRENVILLE."—Burke.

|| We must not be surprized that his Holiness accompanies his indulgence to LORD GRENVILLE with a little censure, for Pius the 7th

E'en there he such sad falling off would deplore, 60
 And exclaim that, of Patriots, the age is no more.
 Or if the pure spirit of PITT should be told,
 (Which in Heav'n, as on earth, still looks far above
 gold *);
 That GRENVILLE had sordidly barter'd away
 His fame for a pottage with SHERRY and GREY; 65
 Indignant he'd blush at this ardour for pelf,
 And, lamenting his country, would joy for himself,
 That, remov'd from such scenes to his own kindred sky,
 He had left nought on earth—but A NAME NE'ER TO
 DIE †.

seems to be no adept in the science of jobbing, or at least made but a bad job for himself, in his dealings with BUONAPARTE.

* We are told that Mammon was

"———The least created spirit that fell

" From Heav'n, for even in Heav'n his looks and thoughts

" Were always downward bent, admiring more

" The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,

" Than aught divine or holy."

The exalted character alluded to, we may therefore suppose to retain his superior nature even in "another and a better world;" the same as others, who, like Mammon, might, in Heaven, be looking for riches,

† It may be observed here, that his Holiness, more liberal and decorous in his justice to this great man, does not pair him off in a common-place eulogium with his far unequal rival; but the defence of ministers (that is, their attack on the King) relative to the Catholic Bill, abounded in unseemly associations. Mr. PITT was praised in conjunction with Mr. Fox; and the KING coupled, in an implied vote of censure, with the COURIER and MORNING POST.

Then the whole host of Martyrs who, firm to their text,
Bravely voting this Session, may not see the next, 71
Shall each of Sainte Huile have a large distribution
For unction extreme when arrives Dissolution ;
And when one common lot shall involve Ayes and No's,
And their transient existence Fate's Ministers close, 75
When the direful Gazette like their passing bell tolls,
Let Masses by dozens be sung for their souls. 77

AD AMICUM SHERIDANUM.

“Deliciæ SHERIDAN musarum, dulcis Amice !

“~~————~~Seu e mimum convivia rident,

“Æquivocosque sales spargis, seu ludere versu

“Malles, dic, SHERIDAN. —————”

SWIFT.

Possess'd of ev'ry fowl and fish,
With “butter in a lordly dish,”
And cramm'd with all their hearts could wish,
So that their dogs grew fat with crumbs ;
What could induce your Treasury chums
To kick the benches from their b—— ?

Dic, SHERIDAN !

Some of the gentlemen were poor ;
Liv'd by their wits—a scanty store,
Till GRENVILLE ope'd the Treasury door ;
No longer there they toast their noses,
Or slumber on the Bed of Roses
With thee—is't thus the Drama closes ?

Dic, SHERIDAN !

In evil hour 'gainst Mother Church,
Howick prepar'd a rod of birch,
And would have left her in the lurch ;
But (Heav'n be prais'd !) *our Faith's Defender*
Drove from his Councils this *pretender*.
Must thou thy Treasurership surrender ?

Dic, SHERIDAN !

Tho' GRENVILLE, *gorg'd*, may shut his jaws,
Or suck nutrition from his paws,
His hangers-on have craving maws ;
They now must starve or live like Tartars :
And though the Pope may style them Martyrs,
Will that make up for loss of quarters ?

Dic, SHERIDAN !

What is the Church of Rome to thee ?
Her discipline would ill agree
With " tipsy dance and revelry."
Penance you practis'd long enough,
Do not our rites suit Blue and Buff
Better than Fasts and lenten stuff ?

Dic, SHERIDAN !

If thou hast listed to his brawl,
And run thy head against a wall,
PETER will cost thee more than PAUL.
Why on thyself this mischief bring?
Had it not been a wiser thing
T' have join'd the cause of Church and King?

Dic, SHERIDAN.

20
THE CONFESSION OF A GREY FRIAR.

A SOLEMN DIRGE.

TO THE TUNE OF "THE VICAR OF BRAY."

In good CHARLES Fox's bustling day,

I came to man's estate, *Sirs*;
To Blue and Buff stuck PATRIOT GREY.

Like nit to beggar's pater, *Sirs*.
By nature proud, I scorn'd controul;

For place and power I panted;
And, though a despot in my soul,

'Bout Liberty I canted.

For this with Whigs I was enroll'd,

The Whigs of modern day, *Sirs*!

But now with them few tenets hold,

A motley Whig is GREY, *Sirs*.

Near twenty years in Stephen's fane,

'Gainst PITT I rail'd and voted;

To EDMUND BURKE, preferr'd TOM PAINE,

O' th' Rights of Man I doted.

For good O'CONNOR's faith and troth

I would have pledg'd my own, Sirs ;

At QUIGLEY's sentence I was wroth,

And griev'd for banish'd STONE, Sirs !

No longer now I mourn their loss,

My Whig-Club friends—*good day, Sirs !*

Rome's holy cares the mind engross

O' th' *quondam* patriot GREY, Sirs ;

'Gainst Tories once I join'd the cry,

To WILLIAM pour'd libations,

No *Irish Cousins* then had I,

No *Catholic Relations*.

The Tests that shut out JAMES's breed,

I deem'd it sin to alter,

The Revolution Code's my Creed,

The Bill of Rights—my Psalter.

Now, like my name, my note is chang'd,

A different game I play, Sirs ;

Howick, with STUART's friends is rang'd,

No longer PATRIOT GREY, Sirs.

For them, 'bout Irish feuds I'll *croak*,

And *bode* Rebellion's day, Sirs ;

CANNING, I know, my scheme will smoke,

And call me RAVEN GREY, Sirs !

Still on the Commons rests our hope,

Once more to gain our quarters,

But if we fail, we trust the POPE

Will style us—*blessed Martyrs!*

Now fare ye well, my Treasury Chums,

St. James's gate is barr'd, Sirs ;

And when your *Dissolution* comes,

" *Like Newgate cocks, die hard,*" Sirs !

THE LOYAL CATHOLIC:

A NEW SONG, SUNG IN DUBLIN WITH GREAT APPLAUSE.

HERE'S success to the "*happiness, comfort, and ease*"
Of those Ministers stoutly opposing their KING,
Who their consciences sold for the sake of their place,
And who press'd their good Master to do the same
thing !

Hurrah ! for the Boys there, by day and by night,
Be their consciences ever the theme of our song ;
Who did what was wrong, just to do what was right,
And to do what was right, did just what was wrong !

To the KING, it was mighty obliging and good,
And, like all their deeds, in true loyalty's course,
When his wishes, nay, ev'n his commands, they with-
stood,
And his conscience, long settled, endeavoured to force.

To the Catholics too, it was perfect good faith,
To stifle our claim for the thing which we wanted,
And 'bout a forc'd offer, so wisely debate,
Of that, which our Sovereign had long ago granted.

Did they mean but to do what before had been done,
If Rebels we *were*, how could that make us quiet?
And if more—sure to swindle the KING they'd begun,
And, caught in the fact, they have kick'd up this riot.

Having thus tried, in vain tho', to cheat us all round,
The KING in his promise, and us in our claim;
In vain, too, shall all their endeavours be found
Once more to foment the Rebellion's fierce flame.

For tho' rebel Colonels, and friends of O'CONNOR,
Have well, for their treason, been lately rewarded
With high posts of law, and with stations of honour—
The devil a bit was the poor man regarded.

Tho' into rebellion the peasant was cheated,
Yet the case he complain'd of was put on the shelf;
Each Leader, secure in his treach'ry, retreated,
And in plunder of office, took care of himself.

But our Sovereign, God bless him ! has never deceiv'd us ;
Afflicted he found us, and better'd our fate ;
From religious restriction he fully reliev'd us,
And plac'd us with rank and respect in the State.

From the breast of that KING, benefactor, and friend,
We'll unite, every painful distrust to remove,
And to faction we'll shew that their triumphs must end,
As alone our good KING's, not *their* subjects, we'll prove.

For he never yet gave as a promise, we know,
To do more than his bounty has graciously done ;
Nor have we ever fail'd where we gratitude owe,
No—we Catholics never his service shall shun.

But with hand and with heart, as our Heroes of old,
We'll swell our proud Records, our National stories ;
New triumphs we'll share, as our names are enroll'd
In Egypt's, in Maida's, in Trafalgar's glories !

Hurrah ! for the boys, then, by day and by night,
Be their consciences ever the theme of our Song,
Who did what was wrong, just to do what right,
And to do what was right, did just what was wrong !

ALL THE TALENTS, &c.

WHEN the broad-bottom'd Junto, with reason at strife,
Resign'd, with a sigh, its political life ;
When converted to Rome, and of honesty tir'd,
They gave back to the Devil the soul he inspir'd ;

The Dæmon of Faction, that over them hung,
In accents of horror their epitaph sung ;
While Pride and Venality join'd in the stave,
And canting Democracy wept at the grave.

“ Here lies in the tomb that we hollow'd for PITT,
“ Consistence of GRENVILLE, of TEMPLE the wit ;
“ Of SIDMOUTH the firmness ; the temper of GREY,
“ And Treasurer SHERIDAN's promise to pay.

“ Here PETTY's finance, from the evils to come,
“ With FITZPATRICK's sobriety, creeps to the tomb ;
“ And Chancellor EGO, now left in the lurch,
“ Neither dines with the JORDAN, nor whines for the
“ church.

“ Then huzza for the Party that here is at rest,
“ By the fools of a faction regretted and blest ;
“ Tho’ they sleep with the Devil, yet their’s is the hope,
“ On the downfall of Britain, to rise with the Pope.”

ON SOME LATE POLITICAL EVENTS.

BY A HANTS FREEHOLDER.

WHEN pour'd the dark cloud over England's domain,
And the tyrant had threaten'd t' extinguish her reign,
Fierce howl'd the loud blast round her sea-bulwark'd shore,
She heard—but she smil'd at its impotent roar.

And still while integrity guarded the land,
Freedom firmly in Albion took her last stand ;
Her children ne'er heeded the voice of alarm,
Secure in " the Pilot who weather'd the storm."

But when Death had remorselessly ta'en from the helm,
Him, the man ! and destroy'd the best hopes of the realm,
Again rose the dæmon who rides in the blast,
With hope for the future, tho' balk'd in the past.

Then a party appear'd, caught the helm in despair,
And places and pensions alone seiz'd with care ;
As discordant in measures as diff'rent in face,
They only agreed—to assume each his place :

Sought to trample on Hampshire's and Norfolk's best
right,

And their tools to return, in fair Freedom's despight ;
While e'en those near related to PITT's honour'd shade,
Exult in, and urge the attempt to be made.

Tho' black be the fog which may threaten the day,
Beyond its dominion is seen the sun's ray ;
Still Freedom surmounts its effects, as she flies ;
She rises triumphant, and soars to the skies.

THE MIGHTY MARQUIS.

WITH CONSTANTINE, Constantinople rose,
 Queen of the East, and Europe's admiration !
 With CONSTANTINE she fell to barb'rous foes ;
 A third was destin'd for her restoration.

By CATH'RINE nam'd to crown her glorious work,
 Colossal Empire ! Grecia's renovation !
 He leaves to Fate th' infatuated Turk,
 To plan the DOUGLAS tail's annihilation.

Tho' lost on earth, as Euergete's Queen
 Beheld her sparkling tresses' exaltation ;
 This tail stupendous, gifted eyes have seen
 Blaze like a torch, near Bootes' Constellation.

The mighty Marquis DOUGLAS was selected
 To represent that wond'rous combination
 Of " All the Talents" and the Rumps collected,
 Fam'd for solidity and penetration.

He pass'd the Baltic with a fav'ring gale,
Europe to save by his wise ministration ;
Sent like a Comet, with less head than tail,
To charm and awe the frozen Russian nation.

Oh Russ, far ruder than your rugged Bears ;
From diplomatic dues, dire deviation !
This Son of many Sires, now appears
A monument of modern innovation.

While CONSTANTINE the Chieftain's glory quell'd ;
GRENVILLE's and HOWICK's proud Administration
Fell to the dust,—small space of time beheld
The head and tail in mutual degradation.

Shorn of his beams, of buoyant power depriv'd,
According to the laws of gravitation,
This Lord, from French and Scottish Kings deriv'd,
Wav'ring, unbalanc'd, soon must quit his station.

Oh, Puissant Lord ! shall CANNING dare impose
Your Sovereign's mandate ? sad humiliation !
Leave Europe to her fate, and sullen close,
Tail-less and bootless, your negotiation.

CHURCH AND KING,

AND DOWN WITH THE RUMP.

FIELD-MARSHAL Broad-bottom determin'd to spring
A mine, that shou'd blow up the Church and the KING ;
So made ample confession, in Catholic hope ;
Was absolv'd in due form, and then bless'd by the POPE.

Derry down, down, down derry down ;
Down with the Rump then, and
Down derry down.

As the noise of the Workmen grew louder and louder,
Our valiant Old MONARCH began to smell powder ;
So he cried, as he drew forth his trusty Toledo,
“ Let those fly, who will ; Heav'n fail us if we do.”

Derry down, &c.

Friar TEMPLE affirmed, that the blast of the fire
Would blow down the walls, and demolish the spire ;
And his myrmidons, during the triumph of arson,
Would carry the Chancel, and butcher the Parson.

Derry down, &c.

Then the felons advanc'd, full of hellish design,
In close columns, and slow, to give time to the mine ;
When a petulant Whelp cried, " Quick, march !" in the
van,
Then 'twas De'el take the hindmost, and onwards they
ran.

Derry down, &c.

Deans, Rectors, and Prelates, were all in a stew ;
Buz wigs, shovel hats, and lawn sleeves, all look'd blue
When they saw the Foe charging in headlong career,
And the " Faith's firm Defender" alone knew no fear.

Derry down, &c.

Thus too soon came the Papists, urg'd on by blind fate ;
But your mine, when once fir'd, for no man can wait ;
Off it went with a crack, as they cross'd its direction,
And sent them to wait for the next resurrection.

Derry down, &c.

Heads, arms, legs, and trunks, flew in strange disarray,
The Rumps of the GRENVILLES alone dimm'd the day ;
When the Baron's, the height of the firmament won,
HERSCHEL swore to a total Eclipse of the sun.

Derry down, &c.

Thus GEORGE and the Church 'scap'd these pestilent
elves,

These miners, who nought could blow up but them-
selves ;

Then Protestant Britons replenish your bumpers,
And drink " CHURCH and KING, and down with the
rumpers !

Derry down, &c.

A NEW LOYAL SONG,

BY A LOYAL SUBJECT.

Come listen, brave boys, while I sing;
In my feelings you'll all bear a part.
When my theme is the praise of our KING,
I shall find a response in each heart.

On GEORGE, in his patriot course,
May the Heavens benignantly smile;
May he laugh at his foes, and their force,
Nor be duped by their cunning and guile.

When the scourge of each Jacobin knave,
The bulwark and prop of the Crown,
Our Pilot, was laid in the grave,
And the Sun of BRITANNIA went down,

Our SOVEREIGN, in 'midst of his woes,
With age and with sickness opprest,
On his conscience relied for repose,
And left to our virtue the rest.

And though faction on faction should strive
To plant in that conscience a thorn ;
While there's one true-born Briton alive,
He shall laugh all their efforts to scorn.

His people will cherish a King,
Who is faithful and true to his trust ;
To our old Constitution we'll cling,
And crumble his foes in the dust.

We have heard what Lord Howick can say,
His distinctions how subtle and keen !
Such a statesman as that may be *Grey*,
But his wit I suspect must be *green*.

When he talks of obtaining consent
Where he could not obtain approbation,
How indignant we feel, that he meant,
With such nonsense, to bubble the Nation.

O GRENVILLE ! With sorrow we own,
That we mourn over talents like thine,
When we see thee, thy high spirit flown,
With this mean, quibbling, junto combine.

But high as thy genius we rate,
When we see thee from Loyalty swerve,
We will stand by OUR CHURCH AND OUR STATE,
And our Sovereign, whom God long preserve.

BLUE AND BUFF:

OR,

THE INS OUT.

COME, sportive Muse, with plume satiric,
Describe each lawless, bold, empiric,
Who, with the Blue and Buffs' sad crew,
Now stripp'd in buff, shall look so blue.

First paint L—d H—w—k, boist'rous, rough,
Dealer in wholesale quack'ry stuff,
Who, far beyond fam'd Katterfelt,
Prescrib'd what ne'er was seen or felt;
Left Law and Reason in the lurch,
To mould the Senate, twist the Church:
But wand'ring once from Downing-street,
Great BUCKINGHAM's old dome to greet,
With grand Catholiconian pill,
Was lost—on Constitution-hill'd base

Next W—DH—M, metaphysic elf,
Who all things knows—except himself;

Three tedious hours who raves and talks
 Of all that in his cranium stalks ;
 Whose *regular* ideas fear
 Militia much, more Volunteer ;
 A wild inapplicable genius,
 Scarce vers'd in policy's *quæ genus* ;
 In syntax yet more scantily read,
 Without one concord in his head.

Now, Muse, direct the shaft of wit,
 Where little P—TTY apes great PITT ;
 This year in woe-begone oration,
 To Britons paints a bankrupt nation :
 Resources all delapidate,
 Taxation at extremest fate ;
 Whilst next this *little, great, small* man,
 Heigh ! presto ! pass ! by one bold plan,
 Restores you all to peace and plenty ;
 The deuce is in't ! won't this content ye ?
 With necromantic rod of Moses
 (A twig cut from a bush of roses),
 To ease at once your ev'ry fear,
 Turns bear to bull, and bull to bear.

Nor miss, dear Muse, to gild my tale,
 The gallant E—rl of L—D—E

Who late to Paris post was sent, to
Become the dupe of BENEVENTO ;
Hush'd to soft sleep like " Baby Bunting,"
Whilst *Nap the Great* went out " a-hunting."
Or was it, say, thou bonny chiel,
Thy ardent love for Britain's weal,
That led thy steps, a peep to take
At thy great territorial * stake ;
The purchase of thine assignâts,
Thy Corso-Gallican contrâts :
At once th' opprobrium and solution,
Of all thy love for revolution.

The Muse recoils, as something shock'd her,
To charge with harm the harmless D—ct—r ;
When, *und' voce*, all allow,
He would do right—if he knew how.

But if, amongst this motley crew,
One man of real parts we view ;
With mind for highest station fit ;
The colleague, friend, yet foe of PITT ;

* It is desired that this may not be *mistaken* for a sapling from the *Constitutional hedge*, as it is evident, that both the fence, and the land it encloses, must have been quite out of sight when the Noble Lord made his purchase.

He to whose merits all men granted,
That PITT's last list, one great name, wanted;
He who with every talent shone,
Except consistency alone;

"We smile if such a man there be,

"But weep if GRENVILLE SHOULD BE HE."

A GOSSIP'S STORY.

WHEN Miss Catholic Bill, ALL THE TALENTS' sweet child,
 For her godfather's blessing at Court was presented,
 He thought that she look'd rather *froward* and *wild*;
 But they said she was innocent, docile, and mild;
 So he gave—*with reluctance*—a kiss, and consented.

A little while after, he found his adopted
 Had been sent by the Pope for THE TALENTS to nurse;
 He had reason to think that some dæmon had dropp'd it,
 It was whelp'd with two horns, but the gossips had
 cropp'd it;
 So he took back his blessing, and gave it his curse.

At this the two gossips went growling away,
 Revenge in their bosom, and rage on their brow.
 The first was a lady all clothed in GREY;
 The next was a matron, converted, they say,
 To the Catholic faith, by an Abbess at Stowe.

ALL THE TALENTS were now in a terrible fret,

Told their beads, cross'd themselves, and the dear
little Lass :

The Abbess had promis'd to make her a pet,

it Dame MOIRA to drill her, a she martinet,

Dame WINDHAM to raise her 'a *Levy en Mass.*

When, lo ! on a sudden, 'midst horrible din,

The nurs'ry was fill'd with a smoke and a smell,

And who but the Devil himself should come in :

He had borrow'd black L-D-RD-L-'s whiskers and grin :

Says he, " My dear gossips, the child is my kin,

" She'll be d——d in old England—I'll take her
to ——."

[*Exit in fumo, et exeunt omnes.*

UPON ONE OF THE BROAD BOTTOMS, LAYING
IN A LARGE STORE OF PAPER, &c. A FEW
DAYS BEFORE HIS DISMISSAL FROM OFFICE.

TEMPLE, with *saving* knowledge grac'd,
By GRENVILLE high in office plac'd,

Before he left his Board
Borrow'd a lesson from the ant,
And provident 'gainst future want,

His paper-closet stor'd

With twenty reams to serve his head,
(For he can write as well as read),

Of foolscap, post, or crown;
But for his bottom, broad as two,
Double that number wouldn't do,
Of common whity-brown.

By some he was advis'd to try
Large blotting, or the small demy ;

The last in size must fail :
Twelve reams o' the first he took for trial,
At length he fix'd on super-royal,
For timber, head and tail.

AN UNCLE'S ADVICE TO HIS NEPHEW,

RESPECTING THE PROPER USE OF GOVERNMENT PAPER.

BY PAPIRIUS CURSOR.

TEMPLUM a me quam dilectum,

GRENVILLE to his Nephew said,

Eheu perdidisti tectum !

TEMPLE sigh'd, and shook his head.

Why did'st order, tantum chartæ :

Cousin ! wer't thou like Scriblerus,

Doctus in scribendi arte,

With FREEMANTLE for thy clerus* ?

Eighty reams were plusquam satis ;

They would serve you sine fine ;

Send one half (thou'st had them gratis),

TEMPLE ! templo Cloacinæ.

* Pro clericus, pro scriba.—Vide Ignoramus.

Foolscap, post, or thickest crown, Sir,

Suit the heads of half our party ;

But for *bottom* like my *own*, Sir,

Why not cut up Magna Charta ?

THE NEW-OLD OPPOSITION.

BY JOHN BULL.

It is said, the Great Men, who are seiz'd with the pouts,
At their suddenly alter'd condition ;
Who so late were the Ins, and so soon were the Outs,
Have decreed a severe Opposition.

Nor will it be wonder'd at, greatly, if those
Who're depriv'd of unmerited treasures,
As of old, should determine, the *Men*, to oppose,
Though their consciences sanction the *Measures*!

Such threats are, by Britons, too well understood
To create any just apprehensions ;
Nor can they, who, in power, accomplish no good,
Now appal us by *evil intentions*.

ON A PARLIAMENTARY MOVER.

WHEN treach'rous fiends, a deadly flame,
 Would spread, throughout the land,
 How could they better light the same,
 Than with a hot fire-Brand !

ON

THE REFORM OF THE LATE ADMINISTRATION.

For twenty years, when out of place,
 Whig Patriots bawl'd about Reforms,
 And stoutly swore, that, change their case,
 They'd drive the Placemen out by swarms.

When in, they threaten'd gen'ral rout,
 But how, good Lord ! did they begin ?
 For ev'ry Placeman they turn'd out,
 They brought ten needy Patriots in.

ON

A FORMER COALITION ADMINISTRATION;

NOT INAPPLICABLE TO RECENT EVENTS.

OMNIFIC Jove ! avert thy England's woes,
 And crush the pride of her perfidious foes ;
 Redeem a Monarch, whom all virtues grace,
 From the discordant Blockheads now in place !

 THE TASTE OF THE TIMES.

SOME whim or fancy pleases every age ;
 For Talents premature 'tis now the rage.
 In music how great HANDEL would have smil'd,
 T' have seen whole crowds in raptures with a child.
 A GARRICK we have had in little BETTY,
 And now, we're told, we have a PITT in PETTY.
 All must allow, since thus it is decreed,
 He is a very PETTY PITT indeed.

THE RESIGNATION.

ALAS! my good friends, ALL THE TALENTS are gone:
 What a perilous state for the Nation!
 Yet though the sad case is so desperate grown,
 We rejoice to ~~possess~~ RESIGNATION.

THE TEMPLES AND THE CHURCH.

Templa quam dilecta!

(The Family Motto of Earl Temple.)

YE loungers, us'd each morn to call
 In idle round at gay Whitehall,
 Cease now to urge your vain research!
 The TEMPLE's mov'd, to save the CHURCH.

THE TALENTS ASLEEP.

BY QUIZ.

How ALL THE TALENTS cock'd their noses
 At CASTLEREAGH's sweet "Bed of Roses;"
 The couch receiv'd, with taunts and scorns,
 "A Bed of Roses!"—say, of thorns,
 Yet sure 'twas soft as down inviting,
 The soul in opiate dews to steep;
 For, with the world around them fighting,
 Lo! ALL THE TALENTS fast asleep.

IMPROMPTU.

BY FLAGELLATOR.

How dare the men who, nothing loath,
 Would make our Sov'reign break his oath—
 At their opponents' conscience sneer!
 Oh, well turn'd out! for sure there's cause
 To think they'd break all human laws,
 Who, for divine ones, have no fear.

PITT AND FOX.

BRITANNIA'S boast, her glory, and her pride,
 PITT ! in his country's service liv'd and died.
 Fully resolv'd at last, like PITT, to do,
 For once, to serve his Country, Fox died too.

GRENVILLE, OR HOWICK.

HOWICK attacks with cautious art ;
 GRENVILLE with rage assails :
 Who bears the purest patriot heart ?—
 Toss up for heads or tails.

ON AN EVENT AT PETERSBURGH.

BY METELLUS.

GRENVILLE ! to soothe Belinda's ire,
 Dan Pope, he bade th' Aonian choir
 Her stolen lock bewail :
 Now bid the Pope of Rome, I pray,
 Pour forth the elegiac lay
 O'er DOUGLAS' ravish'd tail !

GENERAL EMANCIPATION.

BY D— P—.

THE TALENTS, on Emancipation bent,
 Tow'rd Catholics direct their first intent;
 But foil'd in this, produce, by resignation,
 The whole Community's Emancipation.

IMPROMPTU.

BY J— M—.

SAYS GRENVILLE to HOWICK, pray what is this thing,
 Which creates such a fuss in the Nation?
 It Conscience is call'd, and, about it, the King
 Has stirr'd up immense botheration.

This Conscience, said HOWICK, which, by the bye,
 Has put us most cursedly out,
 I've discover'd to be, between you and I,
 A thing we know nothing about.

ON THE LATE GLORIOUS MAJORITIES.

COME, fellow-orators ! shake the honest hand !

What tho' THE TALENTS leave us in the lurch,
Be not dismay'd ! for Lords and Commons stand
Firm by their King, their Country, and their Church.

THE TALENT WANTED.

BY GEORGE W—N, OF WINTON.

THE Ministers out, we may fairly descant
On the TALENTS they have, and the TALENTS they want ;
And when weigh'd in the scale, it clearly the case is,
They just want the TALENT to keep in their places.

THE BOOK-WORM:

AN EPIGRAM.

SCHOLARS are book-worms, it is said,
 Because by paper they are fed:
 TEMPLE's a book-worm, then it seems,
 For he has swallow'd ninety reams!

ROMULUS AND REMUS:

AN EPIGRAM.

SAYS GRENVILLE—to our Church at home,
 I still prefer the Church at *Rome*;
 But, TEMPLE! why this noise and vapour,
 About your ninety reams of paper?
 No matter what the Public deem us—
 I'm ROMULUS, and you are REAMUS.

BLUE

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EPITAPHS FOR ALL THE TALENTS.

As ALL THE TALENTS are now buried, and as probably a Monument will be erected, and an Inscription required, to their Memory, I offer the choice of two Epitaphs for the occasion.

Hic jacent ALL THE TALENTS, WISDOM, WIT:
But heed, good reader—not the bones of PITT.

Here ALL THE TALENTS lie, by ST. GEORGE slain,
And never, reader, will they rise again!

THE END.